

Mr. Maxwell's

A N S W E R,

To Mr. DEVEREUX's Letter, to the Inhabitants of St. CATHERINE's Parish.

Hear all Ye Good People | Next Friday or never,
The Barm of the Steeple, | Cinque and Quater for ever.

GENTLEMEN.

I HAVE now lying before me a Letter wrote by Mr. Devereux, and directed to the Parishioners of St. Catherine's Parish. I have read it several times over; not for the sake of its beauties, but to endeavour to find out some meaning in it. And, indeed, I own there are things in it that I nor any body can make either head or tail of.

If you should ask me, why then do you set about answering a letter that you don't understand; I answer, that I understand as much of it as is intelligible, and as for the other parts (if they have any meaning, which I very much doubt) they must remain in darkness; We must have patience, until that Lusty Fellow the Author, pleases to explain them. If we should give a wrong construction, he might give us such a rebuff as Sir Toby Butler gave a great Man, and was as follows. Sir Toby was pleading in the High Court of Chancery, and was taking great pains in a Cause where he was concern'd in, before the Lord Chancellor Boddick. The Chancellor was a ready Man, but a little hasty, and thought Sir Toby was too Prolix in telling his story, so cry'd out to him, Sir Toby, you may as well have done, I know what you would be at. Sir Toby with a great deal of temper says, my Lord, what is it? — Why, says the Chancellor, tis so and so; — No indeed my Lord, that is not it; — Well then go on Sir says the Chancellor. Accordingly Sir Toby proceeded, and in a very little time the Chancellor stops him again, and says, O Sir Toby, now I have you; — En, — have you my Lord? it may be so: Well, what is it then my good Lord? — Then the Chancellor endeavours to explain Sir Toby's thoughts, but was quite wide of the point. Upon which Sir Toby tells him, my Lord, if your Lordship will have a little patience, I will tell it you, and if you do not, you will never find it out, No, by the Virgin Mary, my Lord, unless her Son, Our Saviour Jesus Christ, come down from Heaven and reveal it to you.

I am surpriz'd that any Man should call this Spire a needless expence, a thing that looks so very grand, and is such an Ornament to the Parish; a thing that to all degrees of unprejudiced Men, from the Lord to the Coffer, gives such infinite pleasure, a thing that is one by the consent of Mr. Dodgen, the VOICE of Mr. Thady Burn, and the Applause of that companionable Man, I forget his Name, the genteel Fellow, Pish! he that has often been taken for my Lord Ross, he that was call'd in London, the handsome Irish Merchant, Lord, he that the late King drank with, and was so fond of; — Plague on him for a Comical Rogue, Touchstone, — Slutthorn, — Hutch — n, the Devil a one of me can hit his Name, — But its no matter, all those Gentlemen were for the thing, and who were against it? why none, but four or five Boys; — Indeed there was Rivers, and his three Nuns; But what of that? Agad, some of them were never at a Vestry before, nor very often at Church; they are a sort of Presbyterian Hereticks; I don't believe that they go three times a Year to their Parish Church. Tho' tis remarkable for having two young Gentlemen, sweet Souls, who P — often to themselves, (for all the Congregation fall a sleep) — Faith their discourses are like Devereux's Letter, even without head or tail.

Mr. Devereux then talks of the dearth, of Provisions, loss of Trade, scarcity of Money, of the low condition of several Families, and, as Orator Bob calls it, a Damn'd parcell of Nonsense.

Indeed he has spoken some handsome things of the old Constitution I mentioned a while ago; for

But he has left out a great many things which he might have said; he has only told you, that they do their duty in the Parish — which to be sure they do, and no body can deny it — But he did not tell you those material things, viz. that one of them was six Foot high, that the other was round, as a Rum Punccheon; that one of them had read *Tommy Potts*, the other *Reynard the Fox*, that one of them is a *Natural* — *Philosopher*, the other, a *great Critick and Poet* — that one is correcting the Works of *Mr. Lock*, and *Sir Isaac Newton*, the other writing Criticisms, on *Pope* and *Mr. Addison* — that one runs much faster than *Mr. Echlin*, that the other's as heavy as *the German Ox* — that one is over run with *Spleen and ill Nature*, the other's always bursting with *Tattle and Scandal* — one has been prov'd a Lyar — and turn'd out of doors, the other an old proficient and has met the same fate. The Poet has been prostituted by both — and to make them the most finish'd pieces of the Almighty — They both have prov'd ungrateful, even to their dearest friends.

But what a Splutter has that Crab of a fellow kept against the Church Wardens. One of them they say, is a poor innocent Man, raddled by a fat C — n, the other a harmless youth, but has got a great Saddle on Mr. Echlin, whips on himself a great path of Jack Boors and Spurs, claps a Curb in the mouth of his Hobby, so mounts the poor old Man every Day, gives him the spurrs to the heart, and rides him quite down; and what is very severe, the Devil a morsel he'll suffer the poor Creature to eat or drink, after all this; — Here's a Brace of them, have drove this poor unfortunate Gentleman to such a degree of distress, that I believe he commands pity from every Creature that sees him; and tho' such things pass smoothly, hitherto in this World, yet, if they don't pay for it in the next, there's no truth in the Alcoran. Nor is the Devil in * * * * *

Gentlemen, I beg you'll excuse my not sticking so close as I should do, in answering every Paragraph of Mr. Devereux's Letter; for Instance, I don't think it worth while to spend time about every thing he has said about Coffin makers, or them Fellows; but let me come to my Honest Friend Bobby.

So my pretty basful Bobby. How dost thou do? What is it that Vixen Devereux has said of thee? Did he vex thee my poor Bobby? Did he the rogue. Well, well, don't cry, and I'll buy thee a Hobby-horse from Nuddy Huband, and thou shalt be made a Militia Captain too — O my little Bobby — hush, hush, dry up thy Tears. — And next year thou shalt be made a Sheriff. — Indeed thou shalt. — Strick close to the Aldermen, and don't let them see you laugh at them, thou cunning Rogue — and then thou shalt be one thy self — Ay indeed — Dry thy Eyes — That's my good Lad — And in time thou shalt be Lord Mayor — so, so, so, now thou'rt pleas'd — Ay, now you smile — Now I have pleas'd you, my humble Rogue — Then my Man, who knows but you may in time get into the House. O, my little Orator, then, then, you would have an opportunity to display some of your hidden talents.

No longer then Malone, or Cox, shall please, Haik! Bobby speaks! Gods! with what wonderful ease!

The easy Marshal, then shall hang his head,
The witty Benbow, seem as if struck dead.
Amaz'd each Senator, shall give thee way,
And nought shall please, but what my Bob shall

Why, now, my Bobby, I have done handsome things for you. Here I have plac'd you in good Company! Is not that better than to be scolding in the isle of a Church with a fellow that's no bigger than little Mathew Fountain the Shoemaker? And I hope I shall be a true Prophet — Why should not you get into the House as well as that crusty old fellow? Pish — What do you call him? You must remember him, for he was sending you to Newgate one day; or did send you there — Humphry was his Name. — What a damned Fool was you to be impertinent to that old fellow? O Bobby, you can't keep your self out of mischief, — Next, what in the Devil's name had you to do with such a Gunpowder fellow as Montgomery? What posses'd thee for a Trifle to use him ill? Damn it, man! he mis'd his Philip! or thy Nose was off. Then, my Bobby, thy Speeching would have been spoil'd. O, what a loss would the World have had; for then, instead of thy sweet harmonious Voice, we should have a perpetual dismal Hum, much resembling the Drone of a Lincolshire Bag-pipe. And lastly, you could not let poor little Billy alone; but must fix him in a Garret. — This, and the like impertinences, has brought thee and thy friends into all this trouble. Why, man, there's little Sam. Fairbrother, Jemmy Hoey, and all your old Friends about the Tholfe, will laugh at thee these seven Years to come. One will call thee Brazen Bob, another Bashful Bob, Capt Bob, Orator Bob, and a thousand other Titles they will bestow on thee. But come, Bobby, never mind the Rogues. — Devereux is a Knave, and I'll get him a Sowing for you just now. And if you behave with good manners for the future, I will never say any thing more of you — Tho' faith, I think, I could talk of you for a Week.

Who pays the Piper: Or, Capt. Swankey's Challenge to Devereux.

I Simon Swankey, Master of the Noble Science of Back-gammon, and inferior to none but my great Lord and Master *Lamperlemunk*, am ready to meet this bold Inviter, — on a scaffold to be erected in my precincts, by our Mathematicians, who are well skill'd in that Trade. And if I don't then and there Toss him into a Bowl of Punchy before all the Spectators, and next scoop him up and swallow him, I'll forfeit my reputation, which you know is great. I'll make no more of him than I would of a Cockle, or a Carlington Oyster. And yet this Guinea Pig sets up for a Champion, and a *crampden* and I know not what — And then he swaggers, and insults — Od, he'll be the death of poor Harry Sm — h and honest Billy McC — n as sure as I have a Belly. O, the Devil, how he has pelted my two young Masters. Poor Creatures! I really think they dwindle. And except that they drove poor Harry to do this job; or their forcing me to pack a Jury, I know not what mischief they have done. I am sure in all other matters they exceed all others that ever went before them, even the great and good Mr. Darling, of blessed Memory. And if they do not, how can they help it, they do their best.

I am grown melancholly — Damn it, I am vex'd we should be kick'd to death by a Cripple; as this fellow is, I begin to fear he is so plaguy a crooked Monkey he'll stick in my throat in the swallowing; and yet I have a good swallow; and when my Breeches are down, and my spurs are up, I really esteem a man as *Catephus*. — Now

peak truth my Conscience begins to prick me. I fear I have been too busy as well as our Bell swaggers. The Devil, or a guilty conscience haunts us all; for I have been thinking, what if the stiff-neck'd Quakers and the Presbyterians should withdraw their Subscriptions -- How then? why down comes the Charity-School. O Lord! O Lord! Then, Simon, down comes thy Belly -- Hum! Will my Master Caiaphas maintain me then? No. He won't keep up thy School then! No! For 'tis well if he can keep up his own. -- How then, why then, thou art a great Fool, Simon. -- And it would be better for them, and you not to meddle with such ticklish Jobs. -- When I asked him the other Day, what I should do if I lost my Bread, -- Why then, says he, Coin your Nose. --

Ay, coin your Face, -- You are big enough to rob, -- what the plague care I for you all. -- I am in possession now, -- and who will get me out. -- I don't care what the Devil becomes of you; or even of Dr. Echlin. -- What, not rob, you great Bear? -- Out of my sight Sirrah.

Oh poor Swanky! and is this, Simon, the return for all thy Tricks, devices and Stratagems; -- yes indeed Simon, and a just reward it is. -- Eh Swanky, my brave Dragoon; I'll warrant you thought it was no more than quietly swallow down poor Billy; that it would have been a great Joak to all your learned Company of Steeple-Builders, to hear him sneaking like a Pig in your Belly; and that when you had kept him in your Gabbard, until he was coddled sufficiently, (in order to save your Port hole) that then he was to be plump'd out with a whurr, and receiv'd by the two Bellows, who were to stand ready with a Sack, at your great Postern Gate. Thus was poor honest Billy, who never hurt any Man but himself; who spends most of his fury on a poor Linnet or Gold finch; to be popt, in Swankys Orum (rare Unction) into one of the Roman-Urns. and the World was never to hear another Syllable of him. -- Rest your Raggs, poor Billy. -- This was one of Swankys incidents, and such a one as you never expected to meet with in this Account; but Billy, by Mr. Swankys leave, you will have some Wain-Rott about you I hope, as well as his Worship, tho' may be you may not get it done so cheap in this Parish. -- But that and some other things shall be the Business of another Day.

It may be whisper'd about by some designing men that Mr. Devereux and his friends do not love the Clergy. Now, that such artful, low stories may not take place, I must own, Gentlemen, that I am so far from believing this a just Accusation, that I rather believe, they love and regard all good Men of that Function. That, indeed, they believe that such among them as are best born, commonly behave with the greatest decency and humility, and that they should always meet with love and respect from all good Men; that they are very far from having a thought, that none should be reckon'd a Gentleman, but he that's born a Gentleman; on the contrary, they are of opinion, that let him be born of even the lowest Parents, if he once puts on the Gown, and proves a good Man, that he is to have all the civility and respect shown him, as if he was really born a Gentleman; and that they thank God there are numbers of Gentlemen, Clergymen of the Church of England, that lead such exempla-

ry Lives of Piety and Virtue, that they command Respect, and have a voluntary Esteem shown them by all.

As for my part, I must say, that I have an Acquaintance with a good many Gentlemen, who are Clergymen, and that I love and regard them; and that I never spent Time better, more innocently, and yet cheerfully, in all my Life, than what I have done in their Company.

This leads me to give an Account of some Gentlemen, who this Parish was once bless'd with, whose Memory's are still dear to the People, and for which digression I hope Gentlemen will excuse me. I chuse to do it in the Words of a Gentleman, a Man of Worth, Honour and Learning, who once lived in this Parish. -- He gives a short Hint of the Clergy in the Church of St. Catherine's, in his Time, in the following Letter.

S I R,
As I have known your Parish well for forty Years, permit me to say something of the Preachers there in my Memory: The first was Dean Synges, a most excellent Parish Minister, and the Delight of every one who knew him; for he was exceedingly agreeable, both in the Pulpit and out of it. He had a charming Voice, finely ton'd, that filled the whole Church, and his Manner and Matter were both so entertaining, that he was listened to with the greatest Attention, Silence and Pleasure imaginable: In a word, his Worth was so great, that he was chose Prolocuter to the Convocation, by the whole Clergy, unanimously, and he filled that Chair better than any Man I ever knew, and made good their Choice effectually. The next was a Son of Lord Drogheda's, Doctor Moor, a very worthy Man; but he died soon, to the great Loss of the Parish. However, he alleviated our Sorrow, by leaving us such an excellent Curate as Mr. Darling, (of whom the World was not worthy) and yet this great and good Man (to the everlasting Reproach of the Bishops) died in no higher a Station than a poor Curate. What an Age of Barbarity did we live in! How void of Taste! When his unwearied Labours, and his excellent Sermons, delivered with the greatest force and Dignity, could not procure one single Vicarage for him, in order to lengthen out his invaluable Life: For such a Preacher, of so perfect a Character, is one of the greatest Gifts of God to his Church: This is that Holy Salt spoken of in Scripture, which by the Care of the divine Providence, prevails against all the Corruptions of the World; but to use the Words of the Poet, *Oh, what a falling off is here!*

* * * * *
But I return to him whose Sermons I yet remember, and I shall have a great deal to answer for, if I am not a better Man, for having heard this divine Preacher, so that I shall conclude with something I said of him twenty Years ago:

Here Holy Darling melts the list'ning Throng,
And Words descend like Manna from his Tongue;
Words, such as Sampson's Riddle, sweet and strong.
Seraphick Darling! Glory of the Times!
Correct my Verse, as you correct my Crimes;
Make every Period flow exact as thine,
In Beauty, Weight, and Harmony, divine!
Yours, &c.

Gentlemen, this was a Man; -- I shall not say more of him, only mention, as a Proof that the Memory of this good Man is still ador'd, that to his Widow and Children several have shewn the marks of their Esteem: That the Behaviour of one Gentleman on this Occasion has been such, as (among other things) has deservedly gained him the Reputation of a truly good Man. And to the great Credit of some of the People called Quakers, that they have in the same manner shewn themselves full of Tendernefs, Humanity and Compassion.

But as I fear this Letter is already too long, I shall conclude, Gentlemen, by assuring you, that 'tis my real belief, that the Persons who oppos'd this Act of Vellry (as it were) never proceeded upon any ill Principles whatsoever.

An Argument of their being disinterested is, that not one of them were to be Gainers by the thing; that, indeed, if the thing went against them, they would then have saved Money, for then they would have only paid their Proportions of the Cess.

On the other hand, as I hope they were all Men of Credit, that if the opposite Party had hearken'd to their just Proposals in time, and got it done by Subscription, that then every Man would have instantly subscribed a great deal more than his Part of the Cess would have come to, and of consequence, whatever the Difference was, each Man must have been so much Money out of Pocket: so, Gentlemen, 'tis plain they had no Views. And I am satisfy'd they were very well convinc'd from the Beginning of the Affair, of the Illegality of the Proceeding, of which they gave Notice (tho' in vain) in publick and in private, that they have been severely us'd behind their Backs, in a base Manner, by some Men immediately concern'd in the Profits, and by others, whose arbitrary Souls became full of Rancour and Malice, upon meeting with a reasonable Contradiction.

That, in short, Mankind must allow, one Party were still haughtily supporting a Blunder, and an Act of Tyranny; that the other were legally protesting the Poor from Oppression, and defending their own Rights and Liberties, which, 'tis hop'd, was a good Cause: And that the Defence of Liberty is a Cause that every honest Protestant and Englishman holds dear, and will never give up, while able to defend.

I am, Gentlemen, a Lover of all honest Men, and your most obedient humble Servant,

PILL MARXWELL.

P S. The worthy Gentlemen, the Auditors, have behaved with great Candour, and have refus'd bringing in this Jobb of the Steeple into the Accounts. They are surpriz'd and shock'd to think of granting a Cess, which to several poor House-keepers would prove a Tax of 10 s. or 15 s. and could be paid only with their Pots, Blankets, or Pewter Dishes. There is to be a Vellry held next Friday, to determine this Affair, and every Man that has a Vote and Charity, is begg'd to appear.

N. B. How frugally must all our Parish-Money have been laid out, when gilding the Weather- Cock, Ball, one Dyal plate, and the sacred Names of our modest Church Wardens, have cost 141. Sterl.

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